NUMB. CCCXXIII.

The SPECTATOR.

——modò Vir, modò Fœmina—— Virg.

Tuesday, March 11. 1712.

THE Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several Letters with the Accounts of many private Lives cast into that form. I have the *Journal*; the *Sot's Journal*; the *Whore-master's Journal*, and among several others a very curious Piece, Entituled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By these Instances I find that the Intention of my last *Tuesday's* Paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose that Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those Persons who pass away their Time rather in Trifle and Impertinence, than in Crimes and Immoralities. Enormities of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. Therefore, my Journal only holds up Folly to the Light, that it shews the Disagreeableness of such Actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from Creatures endow'd with Reason.

The following Correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: She seems a proper Letter to be placed in a modish State of Indifference between Vice and Vertue, and to be sufficient Warning to us of either, were there proper Pains taken in the Work. Had her Journal been filled with Gallantries or such Occurrences as had shewn her wholly Mistress of her natural Innocence, notwithstanding it would have been more pleasing to the Generality of Readers, I should not have published it; but as it is a lively Picture of a Life filled with a fashionable Round of Gaiety and Laziness, I shall set down five Days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my Correspondent.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU having set your Readers an Exercise in Prose, one of your last Week's Papers, I have performed mine according to your Orders, and here send it you enclosed. You must know, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that I am a Maiden Lady of a good Fortune, who have had several Matches offered me for these ten Years last past, and have at present warm Applications made to me by a very fine Fellow. As I am at my own disposal I usually go up to Town every Winter, and pass my Time in it after the manner you will find with the following Journal, which I begun to write the very Day after your *Spectator* upon that Subject.

Friday Night. Could not go to Sleep till Six in the Morning for thinking of my Journal.

Thursday. *From Eight till Ten.* Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after them.

Ten to Eleven. Eat a slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator*.

Eleven to One. At my Toilet, try'd a new Head. Orders for *Veny* to be combed and Powdered. I took best in Blue.

From One till half an Hour after Two. Drove to the *Change*. Cheapned a couple of Fans.

Till Four. At Dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new Liveries.

From Four to Six. Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her Sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

From Six to Eleven. At *Basset*. *Mem.* Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning.* Dream'd that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From Eight to Ten. Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe* a-bed.

From Ten to Eleven. Tea Table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the Play Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong Box.

Rest of the Morning. *Fontange*, the Tire-woman. Her Account of my Lady *Blithe's* Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise shell Comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her Monky's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

From Three to Four. Dinner cold before I sate down.

From Four to Eleven. Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton*. His Account of the *Mohocks*. His Fancy for a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

Twelve a Clock at Night. Went to Bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the Morning.* *A-bed*, read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten a Clock. Stay'd within all Day, not at home.

From Ten to Twelve. In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my Blue China Cup.

From Twelve to One. Shut my self up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Skuttle.

One in the Afternoon. Called for my flowered Handkerchief. Worked half a violet Leaf in it. Eyes ached and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aureuzebe*.

From Three to Four. Dined.

From Four to Twelve. Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and play'd at Crimp till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the Country. *Tom. Townley* has red Hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my Ear, that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*. I am sure it is not true.

Between

Between Twelve and One. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora.*

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a Clock in the Morning. Set down to my Toilet.

From Eight to Nine. Shifted a patch for half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my Left Eyebrow.

From Nine to Twelve. Drank my Tea, and dressed.

From Twelve to Two. At Chappel. A great deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From Three to Four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table.

From Dinner to Six. Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny.*

Six a Clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the Second Act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black Wigg. Bowed to a Lady in the Front Box. Mr. *Froth* and his Friend clapt *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cryed out *Ancoza.* Mr. *Froth* led me to my Chair, I think he squeezed my Hand.

Eleven at Night. Went to Bed. Melancholy Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth.*

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY *Eight a Clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty. Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. *Kitty* repeated, without Book, the Eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobbs to the Dumb Man, according to Appointment. Told me, that my Lover's Name began with a *G. Mem.* The Conjuror was within, a Letter of Mr. *Froth*'s Name, &c.

'Upon looking back into this my Journal, I 'find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass 'my Time well or ill; and indeed never thought 'of Considering how I did it, before I perused 'your Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce 'find a single Action in these Five Days, that I can 'thoroughly approve of, except the working upon 'the Violet Leaf, which I am resolved to finish the 'first Day I am at leasure. As for Mr. *Froth* and 'Veny, I did not think they took up so much of 'my Time and Thoughts, as I find they do upon 'my Journal. The latter of them I will turn off, 'if you insist upon it; and if Mr. *Froth* does not 'bring matters to a Conclusion very suddenly, I 'will not let my Life run away in a Dream.

Your Humble Servant

Clarinda.

To resume one of the Morals of my First Papers, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life published like these Five Days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with the Epitaph which *Ben Johnson* has written on Sir *Philip Sidney*'s Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda.* The last Thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke.*

Underneath this Marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sydney's *Sister*, Pembroke's *Mother*;
Death, ere thou hast Kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Tuesday, the 11th Day of March, will be presented a Play call'd, The Libertine Destroy'd. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this present Tuesday being the 11th of March, will be performed a new Opera called Hamlet. By Subscription. With several Entertainments of Dancing by six new Dancers. No Person to be admitted without Tickets; which will be delivered out this Day at Mrs. White's Chocolate house. First Gallery 5 s. Upper Gallery 2 s. Boxes upon the Stage Fifteen Shillings. To begin exactly at six. By her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

A most Extraordinary Collection of Capital Pictures by Rubens, Guido Reni, Benedetto Castiglione, Claude Lorrain, Luca Jordano, Gasper Poussin, Wovermans, and other Excellent Masters, lately brought into England by Mr. Gauge, will be sold by Auction at his Dwelling-House at the Golden Head in the Little Piazza in Covent Garden, on Thursday the 13th Instant; where Catalogues may be had, and the Pictures viewed this Day and to Morrow.

☞ Dropt on Sunday Night last, the 9th Instant, between Durham yard and Southampton street in Covent-Garden, a Dolphin Gold Watch Case; whoever brings it to Mr. Peter Dardenne, Jeweller, at the Pearl in Bow street, Covent-Garden, shall have a Guinea reward.

This Day is Publish'd,

An Essay on the Great Affinity and mutual Agreement of the two Professions of Divinity and Law, and on the Interests of Church and State. In vindication of the Clergies concerning themselves in Political Matters. Containing Reflections on a popular Mistake, with respect to the Original of our Civil Constitution, and to the English Loyalty. In a Letter from a Clergyman of the Church of England to an eminent Lawyer; price 1 s. Printed for Bernard Lintott between the Two Temple Gates, and Sold by Richard Wilkin at the King's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard; of whom may be had Penitential Meditations on the Lords Prayer, collected by Joseph Trapp, A. M.

The sixth Edition of an easie and safe Method for Curing the King's Evil, with several Observations which may be of Use and Service to People afflicted with that Distemper; to which is added A Specimen of Success in a faithful Relation of many extraordinary Cures, viz. (Strumous Ulcers, Cavious Bones, Sore Eyes and Scrophulous Consumptions) on Men, Women and Children. By John Vickers, M. A. Printed for S. Manship at the Ship against the Royal Exchange in Cornhil, and A. Collins at the Black Boy against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. Price 6 d.

Dr. Byfield's Sal Oleosum Volatile; now published by the Authority of her Majesty's most gracious Letters Patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain, is dispensed and sold by Wholesale and Retail at his House in Salisbury Court near Fleetstreet; where some Account of its Nature and Use in Diet, Medicine, and all Wines and other spirituous Liquors, may be had gratis, and Encouragement given to Exporters and Retailers.

Nine Miles from London, in a convenient Village, is a compt & handsom commodious Brick-house, of five Rooms and large Closets on a Floor, with Bake-house, Brew-house, Wash-house, Stables, Coach houses, Barn, large Yards, Gardens and Orchard all walled round, and well planted; the House, Out houses and Gardens in the best repair and order, fit for a Person of Condition, to be Sold. Inquire at Mr. Houghton's the corner of Weeden-street in Lincolns-Inn Fields.

This Day begins a Sale of Books, at the Booksellers Warehouse in Exeter Exchange in the Strand, Consisting of a Collection of Valuable Books in most Languages. Among which are Academiæ, Nobilissimæ artis Pictoriæ, Bayl's Dictionary, Chronology of Egypt, Beveridge's Pandectæ Canonum, a Folio, and many other very valuable Books. The price of each Book is writ in the 1st Blank Leaf. The Sale to continue till the whole is Sold.

The Office for Improving of Mony, is still kept open with very good Success, at the Bied Bull, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Where Attendance is Daily given, and Proposals Large may be had Gratis.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in, as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand.*